

# THE WAR CRY.

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WILLIAM BOOTH,  
General.

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THOMAS R. COOMES,  
Editor.

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Reader, Does Christ Call You to Follow Him to the Training College? If So, Do Not be Disobedient to the Heavenly Voice, but Leave All Earthly Considerations, and Follow the Christ Whithersoever He Leads.



## The Brigand's Reply.

### An Afghan Incident.

Much of my first year in India was necessarily spent in my study learning the language; as soon as I could understand, Irdi Dillawar gave me a piece of gratuitous advice. "Look here, sir, if you think the world is going to be converted by men who sit behind closed doors you are mistaken. You must see the people. Sit under a tree and receive visitors." At the time I did not like this piece of advice, coming as it did from a man who appeared to be half a savage. But Dillawar was right; the Afghans are a sociable race, and only those Europeans can influence them who are easily accessible. As my knowledge of the Urdu grew, I found Dillawar had a mania for argument. One evening he asked me to explain the origin of evil, remarking that he thought that the universal existence of evil proved that the Creator was evil! I was shocked at such a suggestion, coming from a convert, and took considerable pains to explain matters. Being at last thoroughly tired, I appealing to him for a reply for he had attentively listened. "Yes," he said, "that is exactly my view." "Then," I replied testily, "why did you trouble me on the subject?" "Ah," he replied, "it is important that you should not be without an answer; I thought I would try you. I think you will do."—Under the Colours.

## The Story of Willie Brooks.

### How He Became a Printers' Devil.

Have you met little Willie Brooks, of Gainesville, Ga., the twelve-year-old boy now in Greenville, earning his own living? Ask a Greenville, S. C., newspaper. Well, if you haven't, you should. And who is little Willie Brooks? Willie is an orphan boy, a real orphan, left without people in this big world.

Several weeks ago he boarded a train in Gainesville, Ga., for Greenville. While on train No. 40, he told his story to a teacher of Chitrea College, and she listened with interest. When the big steamer locomotive pulled into the Union Station, they both alighted, and Willie was carried to Chitrea College, where he met S. C. Byrd, the president of the big school. Byrd, on the hill over in West Greenville. Dr. Byrd got in communication with Captain Purdue, of The Salvation Army, who

took Willie to The Army Citadel. On arriving next morning Willie brushed his hair real good, and informed Captain Purdue that he was going out on the streets to look the city over and find a job. But Captain Purdue offered his assistance, and it wasn't long before Willie and Mr. B. H. Peace, a member of the Peace Printing Company, had come to an agreement, Willie deciding to become a "devil" in order to learn the printer's trade.

He went to work with a vim, and when Saturday came, he drew his slip proudly, and waiting down to The Army Citadel, he gave Captain Purdue \$1.25, exclaiming "Here's as much as I can spare. I need the other 75 cents to buy me a shirt and get my hair cut. When I got more money, I expect to pay you for your trouble."

Taking a heart interest in the little urchin, Mr. Peace arranged for a home for the little fellow, and he is being cared for in a good family.

The printers around Greenville are interested in the new aspirant in the field of typography, and they wish for him much success in his venture. For his age, he is bright, and has been to school for a few years. He can read well, and can write, and a few years in the printing business will wonderfully improve his learning and will cultivate his young mind to a great extent.—American Social Gazette.

## The Soldier's Refuge

### Had Proved His Death-Trap.

Some years ago in America, a splendid oak in a forest in Ohio was struck with lightning. It was rent open, and in the centre of the trunk was found a skeleton, which fell to pieces in the hands of those who came to the spot. Beside the skeleton they found a few buttons of a soldier's coat of ancient pattern, and a leather pocket book, which soon told a sad story. The brown, discoloured leaves of the pocket-book were covered with pencil marks. These were read with some difficulty, and were found to have been written by the unhappy man himself. He had been taken prisoner by the Redskin Indians, and had made good his escape, though suffering from a wound, but his savage foes pursued close after him, and, being hard pressed, he had climbed up that great oak. He observed that the trunk was so far hollow, and thinking it was only a few feet deep, dropped into it. But he might be completely hid. He had, however, miscalculated the depth.

and found himself helplessly imprisoned, with no means of extricating himself. There he died, spending some of his last hours in scrawling this account of his end.

That hollow oak was the soldier's ruin. The horns of the altar did not save Job's life! But faith in the sacrifice would have saved his soul. Have you fled from God to God—from God the Judge to God the Saviour—from God's justice, demanding of you personal payment and satisfaction, to God's offer of you Christ's payment and satisfaction.—Australian Cry.

## An Angel in Hell's Kitchen.

### Tribute to an Army Lass.

In a dark and gloomy room, tears are falling—big, heavy drops of bereavement, and hungry lips speak faltering words, telling of reverence and gratitude deep beyond all expression. Some months since, the ministering spirit took its flight to far-off Minnesota, there to gather new physical strength to assist and be spent in the interests of others. But with the New Year's dawn, the flutter of other plumes rested over the old homestead, and the Angel of Death lifted Maggie Barnes to an everlasting ministry in Glory.

Here they called her Captain, but in Hell's Kitchen, and it may be in Heaven, she is best known by her right name—angel.

Ministering angel! How truly she looked the part, as she tagged her big bundles home from market or merchant. "I don't think," says one of her comrades, Slum Officers, "that Maggie ever asked for help." But her work spoke for her, and the rusty doors of many a heart creaked on their hinges to supply the needs of her poor clients. Her kitchen was like a warehouse, with its stores of provisions and piles of warm wraps for cold people. And if the supply went short, it was not the poor who felt the pinch. Many a time has the Captain's own dinner been carried off to some starving family; her only remark, "How fortunate that I had it just cooked in time!" and the blankets from her own bed stripped off to cover some comfortless alms invalid.

Angel! Yes, but an angel unware, most of all to herself. There was nothing of the conscious heroine about Maggie Barnes. "I have no gifts," she wrote pathetically when a candidate: "I cannot speak and I cannot sing, but God has given me a heart of love, and if that is any reward."

made the unchangeable choice, the fullest surrender, and absolutely embraced the will of God which reigns supreme in the heavenly places.

And they, these heavenly hosts, are surrounded by an atmosphere of prayer. They who are to "mount up as eagles" are the men and women who "wait on the Lord." People don't slip into the heavenly seats by accident; and those who sit in the high places on this side of the New Jerusalem are so dependent upon God's favour and grace that they must live in the spirit and practice of prayer, or they will find themselves again entangled among the defilements of sin.

You need hardly be reminded that purity is one of the distinguishing marks of the heavenly places. The saints are so dependent upon the Father that they "shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, or who shall stand in His holy place?" And the answer comes, "He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart." Yes, the more in heart shall see God; and just as Heaven itself is the eternal home of the undefiled, so they who would sit in heavenly places must be washed in that

among the very poor people will think it worth while. And in the night when he lives, the lustre of that inner light by her gentle hand will sweep out sin and sorrow with its abundance, work out Maggie's seven years of American Cry.

## Hold Your Tongue.

### Or Must You Answer?

The habit of "fanning the fire" is reprehensible in any man, and especially in children, and, which is worse, is fostered by every person who professes to be peaceable and humane.

The "scrappy" household in each member strive to do the word in the argument, and is anxious to maintain a course of action, to show that he shall be imposed upon in his household, nor can it ever be such a one.

It is an odious place in the separate individuals who, it can always have a pleasant atmosphere and time comes, yet it is seldom that anyone up the habit, or a while in form and institute a new order.

There is but one way to a lasting result, and that is to hold your tongue, or on each occasion when bitter or angry words arise to the surface.

The old adage, "It takes two to make a quarrel," is invariably true, and while silence is an answer, response to an irritating remark is inevitable. The best way to repudiate an unjust accusation, strong, but if it is not a regretted more than it is a rule, in which both parties suffer their temper.

He who will inwardly demand "withhold his tongue" from remarks, from unkind words, from bitter retort, too soon begins a revolution in his own life.

Do not wait for some one to start the movement; have in your own soul that you have the seeds of happiness ready, and not be discouraged if you start not met half way. "Do as you would be done by."—Australian Cry.

Conformity to the world is a manifest contradiction of the principles of the Gospel, the more they see it, do not understand from it the true nature and object of the Gospel.

Fountain which cleanses from sin.—Commissioner Howard.

## SELECTED THOUGHTS.

Without a Divine Christ, every man sinks into a mere empty, and becomes a man for the renovation and redemption of mankind as any of the angels that have preceded it.

To be converted is to be born by the authority of God in the world, and not by public sentiment, but by hope and faith, in supreme consecration of yourself to God.

There cannot be rest if we are contending—if you are a lawyer and God another, you are at war. If you are a man, you are at war with man. Neither, when you can effect the high place of one, nor the true place of another. These can only be by a partnership of love.

## The Praying League.

General prayer: "O Lord, be pleased to graciously bless all who are in any trouble, sorrow, or bereavement, and especially them Thy grace and presence and help at this time."

1. Pray for victory to crown soul-saving effort.  
2. Pray for prospective Candidates to be divinely guided.

Sunday, March 13th.—Be faithful. I. xxv. 20; xxvii. 1, 2; xxviii. 1, 2; xxix. 1, 2; xxx. 1, 2.  
Monday, March 14th.—Virtuous Woman. Prov. xxx. 24-26; xxxi. 10-11.  
Tuesday, March 15th.—Gospel. Mt. 14: c. 24; viii. 12, 13; xl. 1-6; xli. 1-6.

Wednesday, March 16th.—Restored Backslider. Hosea 1. 1, 2; II. 19, 20; vi. 3, 4; xiv. 19.

Thursday, March 17th.—Showers of Blessing. Joel. II. 12-23; III. 2, 4, 5.

Friday, March 18th.—Prepare to Meet Thy God. Amos 1. 1; vii. 14, 15; III. 1-3; iv. 6-12.

Saturday, March 19th.—Worst Kind of Famine. Amos v. 4, 5; vi. 1-6; vii. 11, 12; ix. 1-21.

## THE SUPREME WILL OF GOD.

I was recently reading about the great rivers which have their sources in high ranges. Now the value of these rivers lies not in the fact of their having their springs in high places, but that they send their sweet, fertilizing waters down the valleys and across the plains where the multitudes live and labour. So whilst the springs of spiritual life must be in heavenly places, they are of little value unless the experiences flow down to the levels where men strive and cry, and through the places where the multitude live and toil and suffer.

Remember the principle that every privilege and blessing in God's Kingdom has its conditions attached to its enjoyment, or must it ever be forgotten that in these heavenly places God's will is supreme. The men and women who would share Christ's seat must, like Him, have

# DOWN IN THE ABYSS.

BY MRS. HAROLD GORST.

THREE women were journeying, on the top of a motor omnibus, to the north-east of London, the "Captain," a sweet-faced woman, in nurse's garb, Mrs. R.— and myself. My friend, Mrs. R.—, had already, on a former occasion, seen something of The Salvation Army and its Social Work. I only knew it from the outside, and was now to see a corner of the noble activity that lay behind its blatant exterior.

"Excuse me taking off my gloves," said the Captain, suiting the action to the word, "but we shall be there directly. You see," she went on, perceiving that we looked somewhat mystified, "my poorer friends do not wear gloves. In their eyes gloves form a line of demarcation, a social barrier they find it difficult to pass. So I never wear them when visiting."

## A Visit to a Slum.

At Bethnal Green we descended, and, following our guide, soon found ourselves, leaving the broad thoroughfares for mean streets with broken pavements bordered on either side with uniform rows of depressing and dilapidated tenements. We passed through three stumpy posts into an alley, where tumble-down houses, two-stories high, faced a blank wall. At the sound of our coming, touselled heads of women in various stages of filth and undress were thrust out of doors and windows. The Captain, who had lagged behind to pat a mongrel acquaintance, was not yet within view, and the first glances cast upon us were by no means friendly. They seemed to express, aggressively enough, "Wot you want comin' pokin' yer nose dahn our place?" When the Captain came in sight the scowls disappeared. Unaccustomed smiles played about bruised lips and shone in blackened eyes. One or two mechanically lifted begrimed hands to smooth down tangled locks strayed from the "knocker" at the back of the head.

"Good afternoon, Capting," muttered hoarse voices.

"Good afternoon, friends," was Captain's cheery response, as we passed on towards the furthestmost house in the alley.

Round the corner came running a small weeping child—a creature of two, a premature little old woman, with frightened eyes, looking up at the strangers from beneath a mop of uncombed hair. Her dress was dirty, tattered, and scanty. Her little feet—the right one bleeding—stood bare upon the cobbled yard; not a matter calling for much pity that warm September day, but suggestive of the reflection, would the winter still find Maggie without boots or stockings?

What new disaster did the presence of strangers denote? The question was plainly expressed in the child's fluid glance, until it alighted upon the Captain. Then a look of love illuminated the baby face, and made it young again. The little creature turned quickly, and ran before us, awakening the echoes of the dingy court with the glad tidings, "Cap'n a-comin', mammy! Cap'n a-comin'!"

## A Poverty-Stricken Home.

We followed Maggie's flying figure through a dark doorway, and felt our way in the noisome obscurity to the steep and narrow staircase. We were met at the top by a tired, delicate-looking woman in rusty black, carrying a baby. Maggie was now seized with a fit of shyness, her doubts as to our intentions being tempered by the presence of the Captain; but baby Kathleen as she was called, hailed us at once as friends. She admired the feathers in our hats, and made tentative overtures towards spotted veils and brilliant neck-ribbons, perhaps, under the impression they were food to eat.

In that dull, dirty, dreary cabin, who was the one spot of brightness, the one thing that was really clean. There was not much in the way of furniture, and what there was appeared to be in tenebrous stages of dilapidation. A broken bedstead, covered gently over with a few rags, took up one side, in a corner lay an old sack stuffed with shavings—apparently the sleeping accommodation of some small members of the family. At present it was occupied by a lean kitten, who played dreadfully with the tail of a still more emaciated cat. There were two chairs; one possessing four legs but no back; the other rejoicing in a back but minus a leg. Other seating accommodation was provided by upturned boxes. A box also formed the dresser, on which was arranged a series of broken pots, together with some sad remnants of family linen. Upon a rickety table, stood two empty saucers, two leaden spoons, and a handleless mug. In the mug was a little water. The saucers were empty. Indeed, with the exception of the rims, where a little soaked bread had congealed, both they and the spoons were quite clean. Little hungry mouths had seen to that.

Mrs. — is a widow. She had six children. Two, a daughter and a son, are able to earn a trifle; the uniting wages amount to 8s. 6d. a week. Out of this total, 5s. 6d. goes to pay the rent of the rooms. The family have to exist upon the balance. They are respectable folk, in spite of their miserable poverty, and notwithstanding some lack of cleanliness. But when hungry mouths are clamouring for food, and there is only a dependable weekly sum of four shillings with which to furnish bread,

a mother must needs hesitate to buy soap, blacklead, brushes, and other necessary cleaning materials. There is something to be said in extenuation. Driven in the first place to neglect, the woman grows disheartened. Then, by degrees, she gets accustomed to dirt and muddle. In the end she no longer cares. She lets things slide; there is, she thinks, nothing to be done. This is the psychological moment when The Salvation Army, having discovered the case, steps in and endeavours, often with success, to build up the woman's self-respect once more; to teach her to take pride in her home.

The acquaintance between Mrs. — and the Captain was comparatively recent. The latter was passing through the alley four months earlier, when a neighbour came out of the furthestmost tenement. "There's a pore widdler, Capting, upstairs in that 'ouse," she said, "as 'ave been confined, an' 'aven't no one 'cept the kids ter look ter 'er an' the biddy." The Captain had gone up at once. While putting the place in order, and making the mother more comfortable, she learnt that since the birth of the child, two days since, not even so much as a cup of tea had passed the woman's lips.

## Practical Comfort.

"Of course," the Captain told us later, "we looked after her until she was about again. You see," she added, "in a case like that, we assist in kind. But it is an exception from the general rule. We are not allowed to give money or presents, although we may give our services freely."

Mrs. — was not a humbug. She did not cant, nor seek to make any appeal to our pures. That she and her children were at that moment absolutely starving, we should never have known, had it not been for the two-year-old Maggie, who, too young to be sophisticated or to accept with philosophy the burden of hunger, suddenly began to cry piteously.

"Maggie's so hungry! Maggie wants a piece!" The sobs, temporarily interrupted by our visit, broke out afresh.

"She's 'ad a sop this mornin'," put in Mrs. — hastily, scarlet with shame. "If she'll 'ave patience till my Florrie comes 'ome to-night, maybe the gal'll 'ave been paid, an' us can 'ave something then." It was again a case for practical comfort on the part of The Army.

As we made our way downstairs, Maggie's voice was once more raised in lamentation. The door opened above, and a small, reproachful figure bounded after us. "Cap'n, you 'vent tised me!" We, the strangers, had not omitted the ceremony. But we were only visitors to be tolerated; the Captain was the person whom she loved, and had learnt to trust.

"We are going now to see B—, his wife and six children," announced the Captain, as we threaded our way through a maze of dirty streets. "I made their acquaintance in the following manner. One of our Cadets and myself were going down here one evening, when suddenly a young woman, who was—" Captain hesitated—"well, poor soul, she was under the influence of drink—came running out to meet us. 'Captain, my twins are dyin'! I've shut the door in your face many times, I know; but don't 'old it up agen me now. Come and look at my children, for I've no one else to help me.'"

"What did you do?"

## A Cruel Stab.

"Oh, of course"—again that sublime "of course"—"we went upstairs. I sent off a neighbour with the girl twin to the infirmary; I hoped to be able to do something for the boy myself, and managed to bring him round. It was too late to do more that night; but we promised to return next day and clean up the room, and I intended then, if the mother was herself again, to have a straight talk with her.

"Next day we came. The eldest child was standing by the door, crying. 'The neighbours said I was to look out for you, and tell you wot's happened,' she explained. 'Father come in, after you left last night. Mother aggravated 'im, and hit 'm over the mouth with a bottle. She turned to run downstairs, when he up with a knife and stuck 'er. She's in the hospital, father's run-in, and baby upstairs is awf' bad.'"

"And then?" We waited to put the question until the Captain had disposed of a slatternly woman, who advanced from a group of gossiping neighbours with an apologetic, "Excuse me, Capting." We caught the woman's final words, after a brief colloquy. "Well, then, come round any time you like, seeing yer so set on it. But, mind me, don't say as I didn't warn yer as mine ain't much of a piece."

Captain resumed her narrative. "Mrs. B— had escaped by the skin of her teeth. Just a hairbreadth to the right and death must have ensued. As it was, the wound healed quickly, and she soon went back home. The sentence passed on the husband was nominal—only a month. But this gave us our chance. We wrote to him while in prison, and looked after his wife and children until he came out. Such a decent fellow, and so grateful to us! Both signed the pledge at once. Of course, it is too soon to be sure, but we have great hopes of both."

[To be continued.]



## ADJ. CABRIT SAYS AU REVOR.

Montreal Salvationists and Citizens  
Wish Their French Leader God-Speed.

Adjutant Cabrit, of the French Corps of The Army in Montreal, has just started on a visit to France, where she will spend a few months with friends, and then return to her post. She has been in charge of the French Corps for over nine years—a record time—and is as popular and loved to-day, as at any time of her command.

We had a farewell meeting, an Au Revor meeting would be better, says Mrs. Major Moore, on Friday, February 18th, in the No. 1 Citadel, which was comfortably filled. The gallery was occupied by the students from the French Methodist Institute, and Professor Villard, who is Principal of the same college, was the chairman. Professor Bieler, of McGill College, was also present, with Mrs. Bieler, and gave a bright, inspiring address in French. The Reverends Bruneau, Delporte, DeGruchy, Dantany, and Theriot, were visitors, representing French-Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian Churches, and each of them spoke warmly of Adjutant Cabrit's work and influence, and expressed hopes for her safe return.

There were quite a number of Officers present. Brigadier Hargrave, (who introduced the chairman), and Mrs. Hargrave, Major Taylor, Mrs. Major Moore, and many others belonging to the city.

We had brass, string, and piano music. The Band played the French National Anthem. Mrs. Villard and two of the French students gave a dialogue, which was very amusing; a concertina selection by a wee girl was one of the features of the programme, and two recitations by French boys were very well delivered indeed.

Finally, Adjutant Cabrit was announced. She thanked all heartily, for their sympathy and practical help to her in her work in Montreal, and requested that we stand by and help the little French Captain (Captain Hoffman), who has been so kindly sent to us from Switzerland. She has charge of the French Corps until Adjutant Cabrit's return.

A great deal was crowded into two hours, and it was very evident that the Adjutant's years of self-sacrificing toil were appreciated by a large number of warm-hearted friends.

On Wednesday, February 23rd, the Soldiers of the French Corps gathered in the spacious rooms of Mrs. Adjutant Thompson's house, for a Council and Tea with Adjutant Cabrit. Some friends who regularly take part in the French meetings were invited also. Again we had with us Dr. Villard, who is always so ready to help us when anything practical is to be done.

Mr. Chodant, who often comes to help us, if the Adjutant is absent, was with the Professor. Dr. Villard addressed us in English, and related some of his family's early experience with The Salvation Army in France, when, at that time, their loyalty to it cost them some sacrifice. But it was the Officers, whom he met at that time, that had impressed him so much. Major Moore spoke in English; Brother Gifford addressed us in French, and then Adjutant Cabrit talked to us in her native tongue. She expressed her great love for her work, and her regard for the comrades in Montreal.

After tea, we commended the Adjutant to God's care, and the gathering dispersed.

## RUSHED TO MERCY SEAT.

Gelly Cove.—While Mrs. Captain Cole was leading the testimony meeting on Sunday night, a man jumped up and rushed to the mercy seat. The next instant every Soldier was shouting and dancing for joy. Flashes of light came out during the rejoicing of the first seeker, and very soon Soldiers and officers were rejoicing together.—D. Mitchell.

## LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD.

The Blessed Opportunities for Service that The Army Holds Out to Young People, as Illustrated by the Careers of Captain and Mrs. Osborn.



HAT The Salvation Army offers unique opportunities for useful service to consecrated young men and women, is well illustrated by the careers of Captain and Mrs. Osborn now stationed at Lisgar Street Corps, Toronto. Both of them were brought up under religious influences, both were converted when in their teens and both became Officers before they were twenty years of age. They have put in some good hard service, between them, and have been abundantly re-



Mrs. Captain Osborn.

warded by the results of their labours.

To-day, as they look back over the happy years they have spent in the service of God and The Army, they do not regret the step they took when they offered themselves for the work. They have had their crosses, their trials, their sorrows and their difficulties, but these have only served to make them cling closer to Jesus, and to broaden their sympathies for all who have heavy burdens to bear. Had they to live over again, they would choose just the path they have trod, for they know that the only life worth living is that of obedience to God.

It was at the Crystal Palace Demonstration, where Captain Osborn first made up his mind to devote his life to soul-saving in The Army. Four years later he took part in a similar demonstration, wearing the red braid of a Cadet. In the meantime he had visited the Aldershot Corps, and asked to be enrolled as a Soldier. The Officer in charge told him to go back to chapel and try to do good service for God there. Perhaps it was only to test his sincerity. A week later, he went again to the Officer, and said he was fully determined to become a Salvationist, and wanted to join right away. Seeing that he was really in earnest, the Officer gave him the Articles of War to read. He signed them on the spot, and was there and then enrolled as a Soldier in The Army. The wide-awake Officer soon put him to work, by sending him off home with a big bundle of War Cries to sell.

He was just a lad at that time, but as soon as his apprenticeship was up, he applied for the work, and in due time, reached the International Training Home.

Clearly he saw the great opportunity before him of becoming a useful leader of God's people, and he determined to make the most of it. So he studied and prayed and sought to improve himself in every way, so that he might be equal to the responsibilities that would fall upon him in the future. So earnest a young man could not help but be successful, in whatever he set his

hand to do, and he went forth from the Training Home to conquer, and to bless and inspire thousands of other lives.

We have not space to chronicle all the things he accomplished, but we must mention a few. Being sent to a mining district in the North of England, he found that the place was full of backsliders, many of them being ex-Bandsmen. There was a general feeling of discouragement in the Corps, and the few Soldiers who remained faithful, were not very zealous. The new Officer determined to conquer these difficulties, and so, praying for much wisdom and special guidance from God, he called to his heart's content, and poured forth his heart to them. The spirit of revival took hold of them all, and they began to pray and weep for their backslidden comrades.

They did more; they visited them in their homes, and pleaded with them to return to God, with the result that the Band soon increased from nine to twenty-seven, and there was a mighty break amongst the ranks of the unconverted. Most of the Local Officers, in that Corps to-day were won to God during that period of revival.

At another Corps, the Soldiers' Roll more than doubled during the stay of the Osborns. This was due chiefly to the powerful Soldiers' meetings which were held.

So attractive did these meetings become, that it was no uncommon thing to find every seat in the Hall filled by seven o'clock, though the meeting did not commence till eight.

At another Corps, a wonderful outpouring of the Spirit was experienced, and 160 souls were converted to God during a period of ten weeks.



Captain Osborn.

Ninety of them were made into Soldiers. So enthusiastic did the Soldiers and converts become, that they held open-air meetings every night. Even Band practices were neglected, so that the Band might take part in these street efforts. The beginning of it all was a desire that arose in Captain Osborn's heart for a revival, due to an article he had read in the War Cry about revivals in other Corps.

The constant strain of such work gradually undermined our comrade's health and at length he was obliged to take a long rest. On the advice of his doctor, he came to Canada, and settled in Peterboro for some time. When he felt able to again engage in the work he loved, he applied for an appointment, and was sent to Belleville. Six happy months were spent at this place, full of work for God. Then came orders for Lisgar Street, where Captain and Mrs. Osborn are at present stationed. Here they have splendid opportunities for doing a God-glorifying work. They are assisted by a fine staff of Local Officers, an excellent Band, and a

(Continued on page 14.)

## Band Cal.

The excellent Temple Band, Captain Haggan, personally and much appreciated at other evening, when they played outside the home of Col. Pugnire and his wife. As may be known, the rades have been very successful. Col. Pugnire with his wife, Mrs. Bond with her children, and the Band played several tunes, which are much appreciated. Some of the great what is boldest in our music, and great comfort and cheer to afflicted ones, who are grateful for this kindness.

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Bandsman Bulmer and his wife have been welcomed to the Band. The former has a saxophone, and the latter, a

Saskatoon Band has been welcomed to the Band. The former has a saxophone, and the latter, a

A Songster Brigade has been welcomed to the Band. The former has a saxophone, and the latter, a

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# THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS

## Canadian Shipyards.

Some time past, the Canadian Government has been negotiating with several of the world-famous shipbuilding firms, for the establishment of Canadian shipyards and drydocks, capable of constructing and repairing the largest ocean-going vessels, and of building the proposed vessels of the Canadian navy. It is expected that a steel shipbuilding plant will soon be established at Montreal or at one of the Atlantic ports, which will rival in capacity, anything in North America. This way of further encouraging the establishment of such an industry in Canada, thus completing the scheme of Canadian naval defence, the Government will, it is understood, shortly bring down a Bill increasing the subsidy granted for building vessels. It is now three per cent. per annum for twenty years, on a maximum expenditure of \$1,500,000. The plant will be asked to make it free and a half per cent. per annum for twenty-five years, on a total expenditure of probably three millions. A steel shipbuilding plant for the Pacific coast is also contemplated by the firm of Canadian capitalists at Esquimalt, British Columbia.

## Montreal to Australia.

Arrangements have been made between the Canadian Government and the New Zealand Steamship Company to establish a subsidised service between Canada and Australian and New Zealand ports. At present, several million dollars' worth of Canadian exports to the sister dominions, go via New York, and some months ago, and influential reputation waited on the Government to ask that steps be taken to secure for Canadian ports and for Canadian shippers, a direct service. Under the agreement just reached with the company, a monthly service will be given from Montreal in summer and from St. John and Halifax in winter. This is another step towards the linking up of Imperial trade carried in British vessels on Imperial trade routes.

## The Voice of Conscience.

What a torture is a guilty conscience! Hunted for three years by the fact that he had forged a cheque, and fearing that a birthmark on his face would be the means of his identification, a young man working on a farm near Des Moines, Iowa, U.S.A., has broken under the strain, and is now a raving maniac. He is the son of a prosperous farmer, and while he was engaged in the stock business with his father, he bought a load of cattle, paid for them with a cheque for \$1700, to which he forged his father's name, sold them, and disappeared.

His fears of persecution were groundless, however, for his father long ago paid the cheque, and the offence has been wiped out, so far as his friends and the law are concerned. The voice of conscience continually upbraided him, though; it would not be stilled, and one day he went violently insane and constantly raved about his sin and the birthmark.

How many there are, who carry some wily secret in their bosoms, fearing the punishment that will,



Fill in the Coupon on Page 9 and Post It At Once.

eventually fall on them, yet not knowing that pardon has been purchased for them by Christ, and that their sins can be wiped out by His blood, if they will but truly repent!

## The Menace of Canada.

In the race for worldly wealth, there is always the danger that people may turn from religion. This truth has been uttered in all ages by men of God. "The love of money is the root of all evil," says Paul "which, while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows."

That this danger menaces Canada, is the message of many preachers to-day. Dr. Graham, of Victoria University, said, recently, that he considered the splendour of the wealth of Canada to be one of her greatest menaces. To guard against the lure of this wealth the modern business man must take God into his account as an influence for power and stability. He deeply deplored the statement of a business man that "there is no friendship in the business world, and a goodly man cannot succeed," "As surely as these ethics are false," he said "there will come a time when man will stand in the darkest night,

negligence of his duties. He was a constant visitor at the Windsor race meetings, and later patronised a local pool-room.

Kraft was careful to keep all knowledge of his betting operations from his wife, who was not even aware that he had lost his position, until after her husband's arrest.

## Care of Insane.

A great international congress, dealing with the care of the insane, will be held in Berlin, during the first week of next October, under the auspices of the German Government.

The principal feature of the congress will be an exhibition, comprising a complete display of the methods for the treatment of the insane. The exhibition will be divided into sections corresponding with the past three decades, in order that the progress made, both in Germany and abroad, may be graphically revealed.

## Causes of Fire.

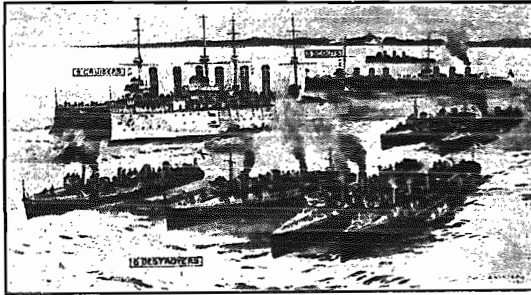
A man who believes that many fires and much loss of life could be avoided, if people exercised more care in disposing of burnt matches and cigar and cigarette stumps, is sending thousands of postal cards



The New King and Queen of the Belgians.

Albert the First took the oath of accession as King of Belgium, in Brussels, on December 23rd. He and Queen Elizabeth received a notable reception on their state entry into the capital. Kink Albert, who is the nephew of the late King Leopold, is the second son of the late Count of Flanders. He was born on April 8th, 1875, and married the Duchess Elizabeth of Bavaria on October 2nd, 1900. They have two sons and a daughter. The heir-apparent is Prince Leopold, who was born on November 3rd, 1901.

## CANADA'S NEW NAVY—A VISUAL IMPRESSION.



The New Canadian Navy Will Consist of Two Cruisers, Three Scouts, and Six Destroyers.

with before him the anger of man, and belling him the curses of those he has robbed."

Let us put God first, or we will surely make shipwreck of our lives.

## Honouring a Brave Man.

In recognition of his heroism, on the occasion of the Spanish River railway disaster, the King has conferred the Albert Medal of the first class on Thomas Reynolds, a conductor.

Bleeding and wounded himself, wet to the skin, with his clothing frozen to him, he saved sixteen lives from death in the icy waters of the river.

The news that their townsman had been accorded Royal honours, aroused the people of North Bay to a pitch of enthusiasm, especially, as Mr. Reynolds is the first Canadian to receive the Albert medal. The demonstration began with a torchlight procession, headed by the band. Conductors Reynolds sitting in a cutter, drawn by a number of leading citizens, proceeding to the Opera House, which was speedily filled to the doors with a cheering throng.

North Bay is proud to number Thomas Reynolds among its leading citizens, and civic honours and recognition will be given him, as a tribute by his fellow citizens, who, in common with all Canadians, delight to honour deeds of brave men.

## Fell Through Betting.

Another victim of the race-course and pool rooms, is a Detroit man, who was recently arrested for floating numerous worthless cheques among storekeepers. He says that betting was the cause of his downfall.

He was formerly employed by a leading automobile firm, but lost his position recently on account of

through the mails, bearing this plea: "Fire is a useful, but also a dangerous element. Remember this when you would throw a burnt-out match into a paper basket or on the floor, where an unseen spark might make a flame. Think of it when you throw away your cigar or cigarette stump. Prevent the fires that kill. A receptacle for burnt matches is a more valuable piece of furniture than a rocking chair."

## Cost of Panama Canal.

Speaking recently on Governmental Economy, President Taft said, concerning the Panama Canal:

"The estimated cost of the engineering and construction of the canal was \$125,000,000. Its actual cost for engineering and construction, will be \$257,000,000, an increase of about \$132,000,000. This increase is to be explained, first by the very great appreciation in the cost of labour and material between the time when the estimate was made in 1900, and the time when the work was done between 1904 and 1909. Secondly, by the fact that the canal has been enlarged substantially beyond the original dimensions estimated for."

It is said that this waterway will double the effective power of the American navy.

## Dalai Lama Deposed.

On the ground that the Dalai Lama had deserted his capital during an attempt by him to organise a general revolt, the Chinese Government has deposed him as head of the Tibetan Government. The facts of the case are stated as follows:

The Dalai Lama, upon his arrival at Lhasa, from Peking, circulated, with the object of organising a general re-

volt, these rumours: First, that China intended to exterminate Lamaism, and second, that British trade in effect, was injuring Tibet. The Dalai Lama then took measures to thwart this trade, whereupon China became alarmed, and ordered two thousand troops to go to Lhasa, with the object of preserving the peace and affording protection.

When the Dalai Lama learned of the above, the Peking Government ordered the Chinese Resident to reason with the Dalai Lama, who refused to listen, and secretly left Lhasa with his followers. The Resident searched ineffectually, whereupon China deposed the Dalai Lama, ordered the Tibetans to elect his successor, and issued a decree ordering the protection of Lamaism, and the strict observance of the existing treaties with foreign powers concerning Tibet.

It is said that the Tibetans are greatly incensed at the treatment meted out to their Lama.

## The Control of the Air.

The problem arising out of the introduction of wireless telegraphy, is that of the control of the air, and seems probable that the different Governments will have to pass laws to prevent unauthorised persons trespassing on air space. It would appear that several amateur operators have set up plants in several cities on the Atlantic coast of the United States, and annoy themselves by sending messages for fun, as one of them stated.

"The business, however, is too serious for that sort of play," says the Montreal "Witness." On several occasions, naval vessels, the life-saving stations along the coast, and ships in distress at sea, have been tangled up and unable to communicate intelligently with the regular wireless stations, on account of foolish or flippant messages from persons who could not be found. To put a stop to these dangerous amateur ventures, the Navy Department, the lifeboat stations, the revenue cutter service, and the wireless companies, have had a Bill presented to Congress, providing for the control of the air by a government board.

# FROM PRIVATE TO LIEUTENANT.

An Interesting Article Showing How The Salvation Army Soldier Is Made into an Officer.



He Gave Himself to God in the Silent Watches of the Night.

HERE was a certain young man, a Soldier of The Salvation Army, who, one day, felt within his soul, that he ought to devote all his strength, time and talents to the service of God, as an Officer in the Organisation to which he belonged. He was just an ordinary young man, earning his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, as thousands of his comrades were doing, and there was nothing much about him to give anyone the impression that he had been singled out from others to be a shepherd of the sheep in the special sense that Officership implies.

Loud came the call, however, "Leave all and follow Me," and in the silent watches of the night, when his soul communed more closely with his God, he felt the most positive assurance that it was God's way for him. That is how all should feel before they volunteer for service as Officers. For Officership in The Salvation Army is a sacred calling. It is not something to be engaged in or left at will, as if it were just a position; it is a solemn obligation to spend one's life in extending the Kingdom of God on earth. A call to such a work, therefore, is not to be trifled with. A man may become a doctor, a lawyer, a mechanic, or a tradesman, because he likes to or because it is a remunerative employment, but a man becomes an Army Officer because he feels he ought to—it is the lifework to which God calls him, and to disobey means spiritual shipwreck. Such were the feelings, anyhow, of the young man to whom we have referred, when he decided to apply for the work. For convenience sake, we will call him Jack Smith—though that is not his right name.

Well, to make a long story short, he was accepted, and in due time entered the Training College in Toronto. Now, as he kept a diary during his term in that wonderful Institution, he has given us permission to have a few pages at it, we will let him tell the story of his evolution as an Officer in his own words. It gives us a very realistic glimpse of life as a Cadet, and shows what benefits can be reaped from a course of training such as The Army gives, by one who is ready and willing to adapt his discipline, and learn from his leaders. We purposely omit the dates from the following extracts, and write it up in a connected form.

I have arrived at the Training Home at last. How glad I am to be here. What struggles I have had, what difficulties I have overcome, what advice from well-meaning relatives I have had to turn a deaf ear to, but I have triumphed over all; I am here at last.

I feel that this is the opportunity of my life. The foundation of my whole career as an Officer is about to be laid. I must make the most of the time I spend within these walls, and seek to qualify myself in every way for the duties before me, whatever they may be.

To-day we attended the Welcome Meeting in the Lecture Hall. The Training College Staff spoke hopeful words of encouragement to us all, urging us never to look backward now that we had put our hands to the Gospel plough. They also sought to

impress upon us a sense of our responsibility for others. Yes, truly, there are others watching my career. The Soldiers I left behind me at the Little Corps, will all be expecting me to acquit myself valiantly. Perhaps, if I fail, it will discourage some of them. I must go on at all costs. The safety of many precious souls depends upon my faithfulness to the colours. My purpose in life must for ever be to save souls and adorn the doctrine of Christ.

Bible lessons commenced to-day. Brigadier Taylor dealt with the Story of Creation. The doctrines of The Army are sound, and according to reason. We accept the literal sense of the word, and believe that within it is a spiritual sense. The doctrine of the Trinity was illustrated by a lighted candle—wax, wick and flame—yet only one candle; and also by the mind of man—consisting of judgment, memory and imagination, yet only one mind.

To-day we had a lesson on The Salvation Army and The General. We were also tested in arithmetic. Poor H—, who is rather illiterate, declared that he almost backslid, whilst trying to make his cash book balance.

We went to the Commissioner's meeting at night. His talk on The Army Colours was grand and inspiring. He charged us all to be true to God and The Army. Somebody, he said, had told him that day that The Army was nothing but scum and humanity. He replied that the scum of the milk was the cream, and, therefore, The Army was the cream of God's Church on earth. Fourteen souls came to the penitential-form.

We had our first Lecture to-day. It was given by an Officer from Headquarters, and his subject was the "Formation of Habit." The good habits we must form are punctuality, system, accuracy, quickness, observation and reflection. An anecdote he told to illustrate the results of not forming a habit of accuracy in making statements, was as follows:

A boy came rushing into a room one day, calling out, "Oh, mother, there are a thousand cats in our back yard!"

"A thousand, my boy; surely not!"

"Well, there are five hundred anyway."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Well, I guess there must be at least a hundred, judging from the row they are making."

"Surely, there are not that many even?"

"Well, I saw our black cat, and the one from next door, anyway."

We went out visiting to-day. I and another Cadet went up the whole of one street and could not get into a single house. At last I got desperate, and so, kneeling down on the doorstep, I prayed through the keyhole. The lady came out with a broom and chased us away. Never mind it's better on before.

Out selling War Cry to-day. I ended at every house in my district, but only sold four. One Cadet was telling us his experience as follows: He went to the Union Station to sell his papers, and a crusty old gent growled out at him, "Do you think

you're saved?" "No," he replied. The old chap was staggered. "What!" he gasped. "I know I'm saved," replied the Cadet, "I don't just think so." Then the old fellow got more friendly, and bought a Cry.

To-day we were sent out to the different Corps in batches, to be trained in the practical duties of Army Officers. I think it is the most excellent plan, and one well calculated to develop the social side of our characters, and also to teach us how to take hold of public work.

When I awoke this morning, I felt that I needed much of God's grace to carry me through the day. I had been feeling ill and depressed for several days, and was tempted to leave the College. I prayed that God would, in a marked way, manifest His presence to my soul that day. During private prayer much light and love came down, and I was full of joy. Also during singing practice, I had the fullest assurance that the Fountain was cleansing me from all sin. I felt encouraged to go on.

An Officer from Headquarters came to deliver a lecture next day, and his subject was, "Discouragement." He said a number of things that were



"Do You Think You're Saved?"

"No! I'm Sure."

—specially helpful to me. Discouragement is one of the things Army Officers must guard against, he said. Very often it is the result of poor physical condition, and sometimes it comes to try our faith. At other times it may be an effort of the devil to hinder us or turn us aside. The best thing to do under such circumstances, is to pray your way through. Never take action when all is dark and gloomy. Wait till the clouds roll by, and the fit of despondency is gone, and then you will feel like going on instead of resigning.

To-night I met a foreigner on the street, and took him to the meeting. He couldn't understand a word of English, but, anyhow, he spent a better evening than wandering about the streets, and I hope he felt the gracious influences of the Spirit of God.

The War Cry Editor came to visit us today. In giving us a few hints on writing for the Cry, he said that we should send any incident that would be interesting to the public. He warned us not to deal in generalities, but to state facts, especially in writing reports of meetings.

I have now been three months in the Training College, and will try to summarise something of what I have learned. First, as regards my Time. It is precious, and I must endeavour to employ every moment profitably. Time spent in idleness or recreation is not wasted, I have often heard that it is not good to spend time in prayer and study, that should be given to other work. As regards Work. I must be diligent, and not perform any duty slothfully. I must strive to do everything carefully, and take pains



It was Not a Sovereign, but a Kruger Medal.

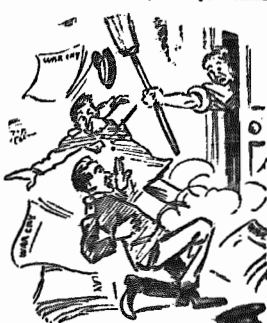
to do it to please God, for He is in all places, and marks all our words. In my conversation, I must be able to put a double meaning on my words. I must avoid on and foolish talking, and yet, on the other hand, avoid speaking in jests too deep and and general company. It is bad to talk about the last book one has read, or the latest subject one has seen. Others must be considered first, such topics generally bore people. Another thing to avoid is my Appearance. It is the next one for consideration. I must always be neat and clean as becomes a Salvation Army Officer. My bearing must be dignified, yet kind.

The Lord awoke me before dawn this morning, and bade me get up and pray. Obeying the Spirit, I obeyed the Spirit, we cry in flesh. The Lord came very near to blessed me, telling me again and again not to doubt my call. They that are His are called and chosen and faithful. May I be faithful, also? I have been called and chosen out of many millions in Canada. Yet, I was in the furnace of affliction, I was ill in body and in poor circumstances. Yet the Lord helped me, and marvelously helped me. I have a very clear conception of the nature of the work I was called to do. I was dead—dead in trespasses and sin. My mission is to awaken them, to bring them to Christ. I placed myself on the altar. Now let the Lord succeed. My way is now clear, I go forward and fulfil my duty. I maketh even my enemies to be at peace with me. My father sends his best wishes for my success, and mother is won round to regard The Salvation Army with more favour, and says she considers this a blessing point of my life. I am now having beautiful times of blessing in my soul. I see more of the nature and difficulties of the work before me. The most essential thing to success is to be a man of prayer.

A fellow Cadet was praying for the conversion of his mother. I too, felt a great burden on me to the salvation of my own mother. I told the Lord that I was ever going to leave the Training College and go home, if I could only bring home Christ. Asking for a blessing, I opened the Bible at Mark 16:16, "Whosoever shall do the will of the Father shall be saved." I was sure that my mother shall be saved, but I must not leave my God-appointed path for her sake. I did not get with me to the battle but I stand alone.

I had occasion to speak to several of the lads to-day about breaking the rules in the dormitory. It was not to do so, yet it was my duty, and I reflected that I must strengthen myself on that point, without regard to persons. I shall have to receive a rebuke for breaking God's law, and I shall suffer all upon them. They need much courage and strength to do it, but I must obey Master's bidding. It was shown to me plainly, that in order to get men to obey God, we must not set them an example and say, "I will keep God's law ourselves, but we will not for others, but we must not be rebellious, and show them the

(Continued on page 7)



Rough on the War Cry Boomers.



## Keeping Tryst.

## Are You Giving God His Due?

## Save the Seventeen.

By Colonel Lawley.



THE number of young people who appear to have no real aim in life astounds me.

They slouch along or saunter about as if it does not matter how they live, what they do, or how they act. They move as if to-morrow would do as well as to-day, as if time was a plaything, earth a playground, and life itself a big pleasure party.

That is a true picture of a young fellow who lives in an American city. He was one of those who did not care a bit. All he asked for was opportunity to fill the cup of pleasure to the brim and drink to his heart's content.

His uncle was a minister. One evening the young man carelessly entered his uncle's study. Annoyed by this somewhat rude interruption, the minister looked rather sternly at the young man and said, "I am trying to prepare a sermon, and I am doing it from the text, 'For this cause came I into the world.'" Then, looking his nephew straight in the eyes, he remarked, "I wonder why you were born?"

"For This Cause Came I!"

"Really, uncle, I don't know, and I don't much care," the young man replied. And, lighting a cigarette, out into the street he went.

Nearing the city he was startled to hear an alarm of fire. Following in the wake of an excited throng, he soon faced a terrible scene. A theatre was ablaze. Men, women and children were known to be in the burning building. Brave men were trying to save them, kindly women were asking, "Oh, what, oh, what can we do?"

The fire brigade was already in attendance! Their business was a difficult and dangerous one, and, although they were doing as much as human skill and strength would permit, a great deal still remained to be done.

The young man took in the situation at a glance. Off went his coat, away went the cigarette, and, without being asked or instructed, into the burning building he rushed. Now in and now out again he passed, all the while fighting and resisting the smoke and the flames, but he never ventured in vain, for every time he saved some one, until, scorched with the fire and fainting from the excessive heat, he carried out the seventeen.

In a half-conscious and almost dead condition he arrived at the hospital. As the doctors were busy binding up his wounds and attending to his scorched and smarting body, he was heard to whisper: "Inform my uncle; ring up uncle on the 'phone, and tell him I—I must see him." His request was granted. The uncle hurried to the room, and as he had gazed up into his face he whispered, "I understand it all now, uncle. For this cause came I into the world, to save these seventeen."

Can You See Yourself?

Brave fellow, was he not? Such deeds as his ought to be written upon the pages of fame and imitated whenever occasion demands.

There are plenty of people in the

world precisely like that young fellow, who only discover in a moment of intense excitement for what cause they came into the world. But we not only meet people outside the Kingdom of God and outside the boundary-line of Salvation Army life who are living aimless lives, we find them within its ranks as well. They attend our Citadels, belong to our Bands, wear our uniforms, are Soldiers in our Corps, march in our ranks and follow the Blood-and-Fire Flag. But as for any definite purpose in life, they have none. They have set no high standard before them, they have no "excelsior" in view, and if you were to face them with the stern, outspoken question as to why they came into the world, why God converted their souls, they would have to answer, "I do not know." And I am sorry to confess that some would go further still and truthfully acknowledge that "I do not care."

Now what about you who have just read the above story? Can you see yourself described in this incident? Have you found out God's purpose concerning you? Are you quite satisfied you have found your destiny? Do you press towards the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus? Have you answered the hidden, silent voice which has so often spoken in the private chamber of your soul?

You seldom, if ever, read your Bible, attend a meeting, kneel before God, look at the Bleeding Lamb, without that Voice being heard. Have you answered, and what reply have you given? You know very well that God has marked you for Officership, that He has chosen you to turn many to righteousness, and that He is anxious that you should shine as the stars for ever and ever.

You know God wants to reserve a place for you in the House of many Mansions, and give you a "Well done" when the worlds are assembled at the Great White Throne. Have you obeyed? Are you carrying out God's plan of life for you? Are you acting in harmony with His great ideal? Do you gladly run in the way of His commandments? Is His will your delight? If not, beware! Mind what you are doing, and remember that, for all these things, for light refused, the voice unheeded, duties neglected, God will bring you into judgment.

But bless His dear name, it is not yet too late. He has not given you up, you are still wanted at the front. As this is so, and the door that leads to a conquering, soul-saving career is open to you, why not pass through the open gateway and end this horrible controversy for ever?

There are many good people who are not quite sure about this sacred calling. They cannot quite make up their minds. They are not certain about it being God's way for them. They think about it, read about it, and—I was going to say—dream about it. And yet they appear uncertain and remain in doubt.

What the Voice Says.

To those the call seems such a high one, the position such a divine one, the responsibility of standing between the living and the dead, and of being an ambassador for Christ, a

watchman for God, so great! It strikes them with holy fear, and they shrink from taking the step. To such I would say: Go and inquire. God has an answer already for you. Go to your Bible, put your ears to its sacred pages and listen and listen again. And, unless, I mistake not, you will hear Jesus saying, "For this cause you were born, for this cause you were converted, to follow Me, to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, to be a fisher of men." You will hear Him whisper in your soul, "Will ye also go back from following Me?"

Go and inquire with your eyes and you will see written across the fields, which are white unto harvest, "The labourers are few. Why stand ye here idle? Receive ye the grace of God in vain?"

Look at the tears that flow, the wounds that bleed, the hearts that break, and the many millions who miss their way and are eternally lost!

Look through the portals of pearl and glance through the gates of despair, and you will see written in unmistakable language, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand. He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Your Duty: Do It!

Then, again, I would say: Go to your room, get alone with God, shut the door, fall on your knees, sit in silence at His feet, or kneel in solemn awe before His cross, and ask God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost what you ought to do. And you will see the answer written in letters of Love by the Father, in letters of Blood by the Son, and in letters of Fire by the Holy Ghost. "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service," and "Whosoever will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me," and "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it, but whosoever shall lose his life for My sake and the Gospel's the same shall save it."

God's words are so plain that there is no misunderstanding them. Therefore do not wait another hour.

Hands, hands, willing hands; hearts, hearts, courageous hearts; lives, lives, holy lives; souls, souls, tender souls; men, men, brave men; women, women, warrior women are wanted, and are wanted at once. Do not consult your feelings or your friends, or your past, or your present, your comrades or your circumstances, your fortune or your future. You know what God wants you to do. DO IT, AND DO IT IMMEDIATELY.

## BRIGADIER HARGRAVE AT PEMBROKE.

Two backsliders returned to the Saviour during last week-end at Pembroke.

On Tuesday, Feb. 22nd, Brigadier Hargrave, our Provincial Commander, conducted a good salvation meeting, which was very well attended and resulted in the salvation of three precious souls. Everybody enjoyed the Brigadier's visit.

We were also glad to have with us Miss O'Neill, an old friend of Pembroke, who is on furlough here.

Captain Trium, who recently was compelled to take a furlough, has returned.—E. Austin, Lieutenant.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Soldiers late of Bermuda, on board Bremer Castle.

To the Editor, War Cry, Toronto:—After a very nice voyage we landed at St. Vincent, where we were able to stay one day. The weather has been all that could be desired except for some heavy swells after leaving the beautiful Isles of Bermuda. We left on the 20th January after a most profitable stay of a little over two years, and none regret leaving more than the writer. We came to Bermuda with only one Christian (Bro. Green), and we left with about sixteen, amongst whom are a number of Salvationists, and, thank God, there are men who are not afraid to show their colors. On board they are taking their stand in an excellent way, praying on the deck, holding prayer meetings and singing songs of salvation before all the men. The lads, although sorry to leave the Canadian territory, are in for victory at the different Corps to which they are going—Corporal Joyce and Private Bailey to Harrisburgh, the others to Bloomfontein.

All the Comrades with the writer join in prayer that God will bless the work in Canada and Bermuda. We feel sure that we can rely upon having an interest in the prayers of our Comrades in different parts of the Canadian field. We all loved the work in Bermuda and also the officers who have visited the island, and the lads on board often make mention of the name of Miss Turner, who held a meeting in the Barracks, which was attended by sixty-five men. And now at this stage we can report all saved and fully trusting in Him who has promised to keep us from falling.

Ernest Joyce, Corporal 2nd D.C.S.T., Bremer Castle, (Docked at St. Vincent.)





## Notes from the Candidates', Young People's and Advanced Training Departments.



At the Special Week of Appeal for Candidates is at hand, in connection with the Revival Campaign, we desire to make that appeal as urgent as possible. The interest manifested is very encouraging, and there is every prospect that the next Session will see the largest number of Cadets in the Training College, in its history. Are you going to be one of the number?

What a vast number of men and women there are in this fair land to-day, who regret that they did not value the opportunity that once came their way, in the Call to Officership. How many would give almost anything they possessed to have that chance again. Alas! for the majority, circumstances present an insurmountable barrier, and the gate is shut, so far as that opportunity is concerned. Are you going to add to that number. God forbid.

Now is the time to make your application. Ask your F.O. for a Preliminary Form, and find out what you have to do to be ready for the next Session. Then make everything bend to that end, so that you can get in at the beginning.

Remember! The next Session opens in September. Get your forms as soon as possible, so that you will know what preparations you have to make. Some were disappointed last Session, through learning the time of entry when it was too late to prepare.

Encouraging reports reach us of the progress of the Y. P. Work in various places. The Star Attendance Chart has taken on splendidly, and some good results are anticipated by many Officers who have put it into operation.

The Territorial Y. P. Secretary was much impressed by the Sunday School Work at Ottawa, Kingston, and Peterborough. Sergeant-Major Braund is to be congratulated upon having his work so well organized. Twenty-six Companies were in operation, and yet there was no noise, or confusion. Discipline and method will make a Sunday School a dozen times more effective in its influence and usefulness. It may cost a little to secure this, where lackadaisical, free and easy methods have been in vogue, but it's worth the price—in either Junior or Senior Work.

Have you the Star Chart working yet? It doesn't cost much. A few cents and a little energy might awaken interest and enterprise in your Y. P. Work. If interest is not as keen as it ought to be, try something new, something to awaken interest and competition. Then the returns will, doubtless, be the biggest of anything you have done.

The Advanced Training for Officers maintains its interest and the new students are the best workers we have had for a long time. An hour a day for self-improvement cannot fail to make an Officer much more effective in his work, as time goes by.

### Should YOU Fill in this Application?

Realising the urgent need for earnest, consecrated young men and women to help win the world for Christ, I herewith offer myself for Officership in The Salvation Army.

Name .....

Address .....

Fill this in and hand same to your Officer, who will forward it to the P. C. or D. O. DO IT NOW.

pointed to the Hamilton Metropole and Salvage Department.

Adjutant Sims, of the Toronto Salvago, was recently paid a surprise visit by a man who, not long ago, came to The Army, stranded, and absolutely down and out, but who, after being under The Army's roof for a short time, was given a good situation, and to-day is earning considerably over \$20.00 per week.

Mrs. Captain Walker, who, with her family, is leaving Toronto for Winnipeg, wishes to express her sincere thanks to the many comrades who have assisted her in any way during the Captain's absence.

Staff-Captain Fraser has received a letter from a man who was converted during a meeting conducted by Mrs. Fraser in the Central Prison,

and who became a Soldier of a well-known Corps in Ontario. Before he came to The Army, the magistrate who sentenced him for being drunk, told him he could not be cured.

Envoy Gerow, of Halifax has wired us the following sad intelligence:

"Envoy Venot, of Halifax, was promoted to Glory from Worcester, Mass., Hospital, on Friday, Feb. 25. Three weeks ago the Envoy met with a serious accident in an elevator. His leg was crushed: two operations were performed, but they proved unavailing."

Captain Gilkinson has, we regret to say, lost his sister, who was promoted to Glory from her home, on February 24th. The Captain, who was with his sister when she passed away, has our deepest sympathy.

Mr. F. W. Bower, a prominent real estate man and insurance broker, also a Soldier of Rossland, B. C. Corps, has, after fourteen years in that town, gone to Vancouver. At his farewell meeting in The Army Hall, the Mayor presided, and several ministers occupied the platform. The Juniors sang a farewell song, and banded Brother Bauer a teacher's Bible.

Mr. George Stanley, (of the firm of Stanley Brothers) a great friend of The Army, has passed away in Charlottetown, P. E. I.

## Staff Band at Port Hope.

### Another Good Campaign.

The first visit of the Staff Band to Port Hope, which, by the way, is one of the prettiest towns along the shores of Lake Ontario, was an acknowledged success in every way. Despite the fact that the Corps has often been dubbed a "hard go," the Band was accorded a reception that for warmth has seldom been equalled. Captain Murphy and his assistant, Lieut. Kolaher, have aroused the townfolk's interest in the Salvation Army to a high degree, and thus, when the Band marched from the railway depot to the main street, scores of mothers and fathers with their bairns were at their doors and windows to wave a welcome to the visitors, whose music seemed to grow louder and sweeter as further signs of welcome were evidenced. One selection on the street elicited great applause from the immense crowd that fairly blocked the sidewalks. And then, by the kindness of a local gentleman, the Bandsmen were entertained at supper at the Queen's Hotel.

Following a splendid open-air meeting, the Band rendered its first festival in the Opera House. Mayor Mulholland, who presided, incidentally remarked that the occasion marked his first public appearance since his election to office. He was starting out under good auspices, he thought.

At the finish of the programme, which interested, instructed and delighted the big audience, His Worship predicted "bumper" crowds for the next day's meetings. His hopes—and the Band's hopes—were realized.

Capt. Sparks led a refreshing consecration service at 9.30 on Sunday morning, and then at 11 a.m. the Band occupied the choir seats in the Baptist Church. Lieut.-Col. Howell, in the absence of the pastor, occupied the pulpit. The Colonel's address from Acts 1:8, "Ye shall receive power," was convincing to the unsanctified and helpful to the saint. The organ-like playing of the Band, the singing of "Remember Me, O Mighty One," by the Male Choir, and "Lead, Kindly Light," by the Male Quartette, had a great effect on the congregation.

For the afternoon service of praise the Opera House was full. Henry White, Esq., presided. He expressed his appreciation of the work of the local Corps and officers in a very warm manner. He also made pleasing reference to The General, whom he styled "the recognized peer of monarchs," besides leading in person the rounds of applause as various items on the programme were given.

(Continued on page 11.)

...ers, came out, making  
...ight for the day.  
The General says:  
The Dutch have been described  
cold and calculating, but never  
throughout the world have I received  
more thrillingly enthusiastic recep-  
... than at Rotterdam yesterday.  
...ose, Thanksgiving, and confidence  
... from every countenance, and  
...re shouted by every voice.  
The results have been glorious.  
...and Holland?

### GENERAL.

## PERSONALITIES.

Lieut.-Colonel Turner presided at Soldiers' Tea and Council at the Rhodes Avenue Corps, on Wednesday, March 2nd.

Lieut.-Colonel Southall informs us that at the Advanced Training, Young People's, and Candidates' Departments are "just booming." He says that one hundred Cadets are expected for the next Session in the Training College.

The Colonel is announced to conduct the Easter Sunday meetings at Hamilton.

We are glad to say that Lieut.-Colonel Pagnire is making capital progress. Pray for him, that the cure may be speedy and complete.

We are sorry that we cannot say as much for Mrs. Brigadier Bond, who has been ill with acute rheumatism. She is making some progress, but not nearly such as we would like. Remember the sick in your prayers.

Brigadier Rawling has recently visited Barrie, Orillia, and Collingwood. At the first two places, the Brigadier inspected our Halls, and at the latter, secured a lot, on which it is proposed to erect a new Hall.

Brigadier Morehen, the all-time D. C. of the Toronto Division, used to play a cornet in the early eighties, (according to a recent English War Cry.) "I was shot by Billy Morehen's cornet," is a frequent phrase occurring in the testimony of Sailor Jack, a noted trophy of Newark, England, Corps. Jack was the wonder of the day in Newark, when he was converted, in that he "kept it." Today he sings his testimony in a number of songs of his own composition.

Major Hay, Staff-Captain Crichton, and Ensign Ritchie, have been among recent visitors to T. H. Q.

Major and Mrs. Green also called at Headquarters, and among other things intimated the fact that they had just completed forty-eight years of service between them. The Major, on Tuesday last, delivered a lecture to the Training College Cadets, on "The P. O. and His Relation to the D. O."

Staff-Captain White recently spent several days in financial work at Oshawa. While there, the Staff-Captain met a gentleman who, having heard the Staff Band in Toronto, said he would pay for the Band's transportation to Oshawa for a weekend, so anxious was he for the townfolk to hear what he had heard.

Adjutant Cummins from the West, called at T. H. Q. on Friday, February 26th. The Adjutant is being ap-

# THE WEEK-END'S DESPATCHES

## This is Candidates' Week.

If You Ought to be an Officer, Lay Your Corps on the Altar.

WATCH THESE REPORTS FOR NEWS OF THE CRUSADE.

### MAJOR McLEAN AT TRURO.

(By Wire.)

Major McLean and Capt. Turner have just concluded glorious week-end at Truro. Faith was high. Much fighting spirit in evidence. As a result 2 came forward for salvation and sanctification. The Major's talks gripped the hearts of his audiences. Much conviction and a splendid wind-up at night. Finances excellent and all unite in saying come again.—Ensign Melkie.

### NEWS FROM THE NORTHERN WILDS.

#### D. O's First Visit.

Although Haliburton is away in the woods, things are moving in the right direction. On a recent Sunday night, members of the Methodist and Baptist choirs in town came and assisted in the meetings. One young comrade has been enrolled, and is applying for Candidate's papers.

On Monday night, we had the first visit from our new D. O., Major Hay. The local Orange Lodge kindly gave us the free use of their Hall. A good crowd came to hear the Major, and greatly enjoyed his speaking and singing. We all want him to return and give us a week-end.

We have started a series of cottage meetings and half-nights of prayer.—C. C.

### TWO AGED MEN AT THE CROSS.

The revival fire is still burning in Pictou. We have had the joy of seeing precious souls seeking God.

On Thursday, an old man of seventy-one, found pardon. During the week-end, eight Juniors and three Seniors knelt at the mercy seat; among them, another old man of seventy-three.

The week-end meetings were conducted by Staff-Captain Bloss. We enjoyed his visit very much; God made him a real blessing.—G. T. E. M.

The Revival Crusade is in full swing at St. Mary's. Three souls found the Saviour last week-end, and much conviction is manifested in all our meetings.

Miss L. Corby, from Hamilton is favouring us with music and solos.—Stickability.

Triton.—January 30th was a blessed day to our souls. In the night meeting two backsliders came back to the fold, and the following Thursday night five more came. We are in for a revival.—H. O. W.

Brigadier Bond and Capt. Church led the meetings at Dovercourt on Sunday. The meetings, which were very interesting and instructive, were well attended. The Corps, evidently, is in good condition.

### MEMORIAL SERVICE AT BRANTFORD.

On Saturday, February 26th, the "popular evening" was led by Brothers E. Smyth, and Whitfield. A good time, with plenty of music and songs was spent.

On Sunday morning the Band met for a spiritual meeting, during which, Adjutant Baird introduced Brother Fred Smith as the new Bandmaster, who received a hearty welcome. In the holiness meeting the Adjutant spoke with power.

We are glad to report progress along the lines of the cartridge system. The Soldiers, also the friends, are delighted with the results.

At night, the memorial service for our departed comrade, Sergeant White, was held. Many comrades spoke, of the blessing he had been, even in his sickness. Brother Bissett sang with convicting effect, "Eternity." Four souls found pardon.—F. D.

### AN INSPIRING TIME.

#### D. O's Met Soldiers and Ex-Soldiers.

Dartmouth.—On February 23rd, our Divisional Commanders, Major and Mrs. McLean, assisted by Adjutant Jaynes and Ensign Weir, conducted a great united meeting for Soldiers and ex-Soldiers. It was a time of inspiration and blessing to us all.

While the Major gave us a powerful address, on the line of entire sanctification, it was evident that the Spirit was working in many hearts. Seven souls came to the mercy seat for the blessing, and others for salvation.

Such nights as these inspire our faith, and we are believing for even greater showers of blessing.—W. J. S.

### MUSIC GALORE AT SEAFORTH.

Seaforth, Ont.—Recently we had with us, our new D. O., Staff-Captain Critchton, whose music and addresses were much enjoyed. We have also had, with us, Captains Mortimore and Stewart, assisted by Lieutenant Olsen, Irvin Clinton. The visitors gave a real good musical programme.

We have had three converts of late; one or two are musically inclined, so look out for big things from this Corps.—G. Taylor, Capt.

### THREE DECIDED FOR CHRIST.

Lethbridge, Alberta.—In the holiness meeting, on Sunday, Feb. 26th, we felt the presence of the Holy Spirit, as every comrade testified to the blessing of a clean heart. At night Lieutenant Stride spoke on the words, "How long hath ye between two opinions?" Three souls sought the Saviour.—H. Dawson.

### INCREASES ON EVERY HAND.

#### Revival Fire Burning.

Bridgetown, N. S.—We have recently seen numbers of sinners saved. Our attendances have been increased, and within one month our open-air attendances have increased from seven to twenty-three.

Some of the converts have expressed their desire of becoming blood and fire Soldiers, while others are thinking seriously of Candidature.

We had a visit from Captain Miller, (G. B. M. man). His illustrated service was very interesting and instructive, and was enjoyed by the large number who were present.

On February the 9th, a number of comrades with the Officers, undertook a sleighing party to Annapolis. They left at 4 p.m., and arrived back at 3.50 a.m., after conducting a meeting.

On February 16th, Captain Steinburg and the comrades of Annapolis paid us a return visit, which we enjoyed very much.

Bridgetown may have been in the background for some time past, but since the revival fire has reached the town, we have jumped to the front rank, and the comrades with the Officers, are praying for the old time power to be poured out upon the town.

The Junior Work is also on the upgrade.—Uncle Dan.

### SPECIALS AT SUSSEX.

Sussex, N. S.—Our worthy D. C., Brigadier Aaby, has been with us. This being his first visit, the Brigadier was given a hearty welcome. His discourse and solo singing were fraught with blessing.

Staff-Captain Barr, of St. John, also gave us a week-end visit on Feb. 13th. Needless to say, we were delighted to see his happy face around this way again.

Splendid Salvation meetings were conducted on Sunday, and we were much blessed in spirit. The attendances were good.

On February 19th, Captain Miller, our G. B. M. agent, gave us a very interesting lantern service. This was the best given here for some time, and was witnessed by a fair crowd.

Captain Hyde is in charge of the Corps here. Recent converts are doing well.—E. M. O.

### NEW HALL OPENED.

Halt Pond.—Our new Hall was opened on Feb. 18th. The Soldiers, although deprived of a Hall ever since last November, when a fire destroyed the old building, have been fighting on, and God has owned and blessed their efforts.

A half-night of prayer was held on Saturday night, and on Sunday night three souls found salvation.—One Interested.

Nanaimo, B. C.—Lieutenant Colloid from Vancouver paid us a visit on Saturday and Sunday, February 15-16. We had a very enjoyable time. God came very near and many hearts were touched.

Our faith is high for a revival.—Correspondent.

### ARMY DRUM BEATS FOR THE

#### Announcing

Stratten is a real tario. For the first time in the history of the Army Drum. Mrs. Captain Stratten, Lieut. Crowell, and others who that district and who is nearly seventy, and Brother and Sister begged them to sing.

On Sunday morning the Officers were met by the drummers, and they drove them to a place two miles to a school was filled with people.

The meeting was smiles, but failed to see penitence, which, however, Lieutenant's wife, and law's address, and hands were raised, so we went on to the Brother Leatherstocking's miles to announce it.

The visitors will be honored by the people of the cry is, "We wish you to stay."—L. I. C.

### REVIVAL TACTICS

Woodstock, N. B.—We to the Revival Crusade and faith and hope is rounded by great efforts is giving us the story.

In the meeting soldiers and ex-soldiers wanderers returned to the more have come to the We are holding every Thursday night of music, song and ed by a half-hour talk speaker. Nearly every been represented in speakers.

We are holding a prayer on Friday night ent.

### UNDER THEIR OWN

#### Calgary Crusade

Calgary.—It is a place able to worship under and 50 trees" again. The torium is most comfortable first Sunday after the place was well and interested, and, but of souls sought salvation.

Sister Annie (name) for Grace Hospital.

We are expecting a gift for a Ten Year Campaign.—May Jackson.

Pictou.—We are holding Captains McMillan and On Sunday, February 19th, with us, Captain souls knelt at the mercy in the light.

Capt. Wm. Brown Godrich. On Sunday three Juniors and two persons asked for A. B. C.

Stilly Cove.—We had a great success, the meeting all past week-end was recently held to take place about

## MISCELLANEOUS.

by the "Free Press."

orial service held at the Army Citadel on Saturday, Feb. 19th, was a great success. A large audience was present, and an audience which included Adj. McElheney as the deceased officers and had passed to the great portraits of each deceased soldier was shown on a large screen of limelight. The service was supplemented with electric light. Brother Harry Phillips, of the corps, operated the light and effects. In addition, a large address, which occupied an hour and a half, was given by the speaker, "Nearer My God, I Feel," "Abide With Me," and "Gospel Light."

A choir of 100 voices was organized to take part in a service of this service, to be held on March 25, Good Friday. It was also special appropriate to the occasion.

and fifty members of the Army Sunday School were on the platform at the Citadel on Saturday afternoon, and they were by Mrs. Adj. McElheney, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." At the service there was a special service of music for half an hour at the commencement of the service. There were four

Age held a service for the Coffee House last evening, which was largely attended. They and Mrs. Sugden, wife of the late, sang solos during the service.

light service with forty people was held at the Coffee House on Saturday evening, when Adj. McElheney will feature on "Probation" on Thursday evening there will be an enrollment of recruits at the Citadel. About twenty of the recruits, it is expected, will be into full membership of the

## MCLEAN LIKES GOOD MUSIC.

## Sixteen Seekers.

le.—Four souls recently converted. Major and Mrs. McElheney were recently with us. The service was a musical festival, which was held here. It was said he would like to have a service at New Glasgow. The Hatters rendered a cornet duet for Joe Davis a Welsh solo.

Wood has left the Abernethy and is now with another Purvis is still quite

Monday night, Feb. 20th, at the Citadel, and Mrs. Davey farren souls sought salvation. There has been farewell, Capt. Hill tolling on and arousing interest in our scheme for a J. H.

le, N.B.—An awakening is being held here. Already eleven have been saved, and the attendance at the meetings is increasing.

C. Brigadier Adby, recently arrived. We profited thereby.

landford.—Thirteen souls have been by their names registered in the Lamb's Book of Life. The service is now on.

## GOOD FRIDAY IN TORONTO

The Special Feature of The Army's Eastertide Celebrations in Toronto this Year will be

# A GREAT Symbolic Service

IN THE

## Massey Hall,

Preceded by a Mobilisation and Spectacular Parade of all the City Corps.

## THE COMMISSIONER

WILL BE IN COMMAND, ASSISTED BY

THE CHIEF SECRETARY,

AND THE ENTIRE HEADQUARTERS STAFF.

Full Particulars of this Remarkable Service will be Given Next Week.

## SEASONABLE SAYINGS

Brought Souls to Mercy Seat.

On Thursday, Feb. 17th, the Riverdale Band and Songsters gave a special musical "go." A good crowd attended and showed real appreciation of the messages in Band music and song.

On Sunday morning Ensign Burton dwelt on the subject of reconciliation. Nine persons knelt at the mercy seat.

At night backsliders got a sharp shelling in the Ensign's earnest address. Two souls came to the Cross.

Ensign and Mrs. Burton held the Sunday morning and afternoon meetings on Feb. 27th. At night Adj. Cummings of the West assisted.

The Ensign spoke especially to backsliders, six of whom came forward. Among them were a man and his wife, also a young man and his sweetheart.

High River.—Four souls have sought salvation, one being the brother of Capt. Irwin.

## A PROGRESSIVE BATTLEGROUND

Amherst, N.S.—On Sunday, Feb. 20th, six souls sought pardon of sin. The day closed with a hallelujah wind-up. Ensign Cavender could scarcely refrain from dancing.

Brigadier Adby recently paid us another visit. His speaking and singing lifted us heavenward.

We had a record march on Sunday. Converts are swelling our ranks and donning the uniform. The Ensign holds Converts' meetings on Friday nights.—J. Owen.

Elliston.—When Capt. Peach came to this Corps the comrades determined that they would have a revival. As a result, many souls have been converted in our Hall, which, by the way, has recently undergone some repairs and has been improved. —R. T. C.

## POLICEMAN'S PRAYER.

Moved People, and Three Sought God.

Fredericton.—We have faith for a splendid revival. Many members of the different churches have united with us in praying for a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the city, and already prayer is being answered. At the knee-drill last Sunday our saved policeman spoke and prayed with an overflowing heart. All present were moved to tears, and three men came forward and met with God.

Adjutant Prince and Captain Wyldie were with us throughout the day, and three souls were converted.

On Monday night three Seniors and one Junior came forward, and last night nine others surrendered to God. Interest is increasing, and the attendances have never been better.

Ensign and Mrs. Hargrove have won their way into the hearts of all. —Local.

## A Three-Hour Day.

How it Grows in the Arctic Regions.

The following is an interesting table, compiled and printed by a Dawson, Y. T. newspaper. Under the heading, "How the Days Grow Longer," it says:—

Slowly, but surely, Old Sol is crawling back toward Yukon, and the electric meter is seeing its daily course cut shorter.

Here is the always interesting table, showing how long the days are at the short one:

December 21.....	3 hours 25 min.
January 1.....	3 hours 52 min.
January 15.....	4 hours 57 min.
January 31.....	6 hours 45 min.
February 15.....	8 hours 18 min.
March 1.....	9 hours 5 min.
March 21.....	12 hours 6 min.
April 11.....	14 hours 38 min.
April 25.....	15 hours 42 min.
May 11.....	17 hours 15 min.
June 21.....	24 hours 0 min.

## STAFF BAND AT PORT HOPE.

(Continued from page 9.)

"What do you people think of that?" he would pertinently enquire of his audience as the echoes of a Choir song or Band selection died away.

For answer the people clapped and clapped again.

When the collection, for which Mr. White himself made the appeal that it should be a good one, was about to be taken up, and he saw that a lassie had unfortunately lost her plate or tambourine, Mr. White offered his hat as a substitute.

At night the theatre was again filled. The Band's soulful interpretation of Bible Pictures No. 1 and the singing of "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?" profoundly impressed the people. Capt. Palmer gave a short address, and then Colonel Howell made an appeal for surrenders to God. A man and a woman came forward.

The fact that the Staff Bandmen had with them for the first time Major Findlay, who, before being appointed to Canada, was a member of the famous International Staff Band, supplied an international feeling to the Band—in fact to the week-end. The Major, assisted by Captain Kelly, conducted the night service at the Baptist Church.

In the early hours of Monday morning the Band boarded the special car provided by the G. T. R. and returned to work at Headquarters, Toronto.

## A Pig-Squeak Organ.

Devices of Bygone Days.

Drums and triangles were quite common in the barrel organs used in got out of order, once started, no half of the last century. Some of these barrel organs were wound-up, a strong spring being the motive power. If an instrument of this kind many of the villages during the first thing could stop it from playing over all the tunes it contained. When this happened, the offending organ would be hoisted on the back of a stalwart villager, and gravely carried into the open, where it was left to run down in solitude.

A so-called organ was once planned for the amusement of a certain French monarch in the following curious manner. In a row, live pigs were arranged, so that a little animal with a high squeak was at one end, white at the other was placed a big one with a deep grunt. Selected animals were placed between these, side by side, and thus a complete scale was formed. Over the row of pigs, a keyboard was fitted up, having sharp spikes attached to the keys. When a key was pressed down the spike ran into the tail of a pig, causing it to squeak. In this way, tunes could be roughly played on this truly whimsical instrument. — Bandsman, Songster and L. O.

Adj. Hiseock visited South West Arm on Feb. 16th. A backslider returned to the fold.

The meetings on Sunday, Feb. 13th, were good. Seven souls claimed salvation.—Ensign Willschire.

Chance Harbour.—On Sunday night, Feb. 13th, many persons present at our meeting were convicted of sin and one backslider returned to God.—M. J. Verge.



# MAKING MONEY OUT OF WASTE.

ALL THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM.



VERY book of fairy stories contains more than one tale of the power of a magic wand, says a writer in the Saturday Evening Post. Pumpkins are transformed into stage coaches by its touch; common kitchen utensils into crowns and diadems; rags into queenly robes; and drops into gold. Yet the most riotously-imaginative fairy tale has never recounted marvels that surpass those which have been wrought by the touch of the wand wielded by the industrial chemist and engineer.

So successfully is the wand of science wielded that, with the exception of the skies above us, and

smelling, viscous liquid is transmuted into the most widely-different substances imaginable. It yields dyes-stuffs after dyes-stuffs, surpassing in beauty, brilliancy and permanence the colors supplied to us by plants and animals. To such proportions has the industry of extracting these artificial dyes developed that rarely indeed are the natural colors employed. Splendid reds of all shades, delicate blues, rich greens, exquisite yellows, warm browns and dead blacks are now all extracted from coal tar. The dyes thus obtained are numbered by thousands. Hardly a month passes but the discovery of a new one is chronicled in patents and chemical journals.

Coal tar does more than supply rainbow hues. The chemist has dis-



Each One Gathering Different Things.

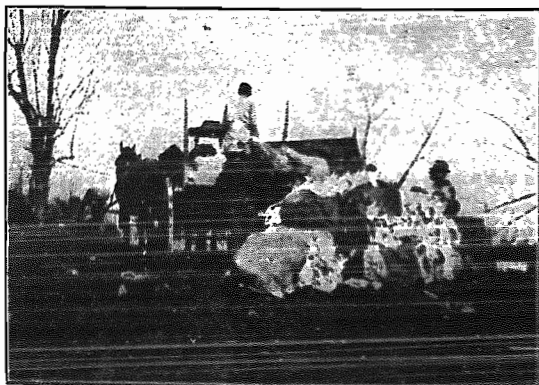
the green trees and the grass below, things are not what they seem to be. You and I write our love-letters on what was once an old linen cuff, with ink made from the rusty hoop of an old beer barrel. The billiard ball that rolls over a green table is probably a new form of cow's milk. The silk scarf about your collar was once the waving branch of a tree.

All this we have achieved from the mere desire of practically utilizing to the utmost advantage the things that our ancestors threw away, sometimes from sheer ignorance, sometimes from their recklessness. A man of our day supports his family on what his grandfather cast into the street. The dump heaps of our forefathers are our mines. We rake them over and pick out the precious metals once thrown away—the gold, uranium, and radium. When our fathers made charcoal they allowed the alcohol and vinegar and a hundred valuable perfumes, essences and unguents to escape with them. Burning a corner drug store would be the modern equivalent. When the housewife of old made soap, she threw away the glycerin left over, little imagining that it could blast a subway or blow up a Czar. "Give me the sewage of New York City," cried a knowing modern chemist, "and I will return, annually, the milk of one hundred thousand cows." Lord Palmerston put the same thought in another way when he said that "dirt is merely matter in the wrong place."

## The Chemical Wonders of Coal Tar.

No more conspicuous example of this effort to find a proper place for dirt and waste can be desired than we see in the splendid use that is now made of the residues of gas works, residues that consist of coke, an excellent fuel; of ammonia, employed in farming, because it supplies plants artificially with the nitrogen they need; and lastly of a black, noxious ooze, which goes by the name of coal tar. Before 1856 the gas-maker was glad to rid himself of this coal tar by giving it away. He dared not pour it into streams, because it polluted the water. If he buried it he killed vegetation. Nowadays it is a by-product of such value that many a rich industry is based on its chemical utilization. At the chemist's touch this foul-

covered in it a host of medicines for the treatment of the most diverse diseases. The African sleeping sickness, fever, insomnia and pains of every origin are allayed by coal-tar derivatives. Invaluable antiseptics, such as carbolic acid, are yielded by this most protean of substances. The active principles of animal glands are reproduced from it and placed at the disposal of the physician. If it gives us the means of saving life it also gives the means of dealing death; for certain ingredients of coal tar constitute the basic principle of terrible smokeless powders and of powerful



Loading Up a Day's Work.

explosives, compared with which gunpowder seems well-nigh harmless.

A way has been found of extracting from coal tar the rapid developers so widely employed by photographers. There have also been discovered in its all-embracing range perfumes which are as exquisite as those of Nature, and which cannot, indeed, be distinguished from oil of wintergreen, violets, roses, jasmine and heliotrope are reproduced with chemical and olfactory fidelity. A host of artificial flavors are derived from coal-tar flavors that have almost entirely displaced true-fruit flavors, be-

cause their taste and chemical composition are the same. Among them is vanillin, an exact duplicate of the extract of vanilla bean, artificial oils of bitter almond and of musk, and saccharin, sweeter than sugar by five hundred and fifty times. With coal-tar products, too, we protect our wood against insect ravages, and preserve the canned foods eaten by every soldier, hunter and Arctic explorer. It provides us, furthermore, with naphtha, a useful solvent of gums, resins, rubber, gutta-percha and fats; with light and heavy oils; with pitch, which is utilized in road-building and in the making of varnish, lamp-black and roofing felt; and with naphthalene, which is itself the source of many dyes.

So far from being a mere waste, coal tar is a palette of gorgeous colors, with which we paint our pictures and dye our fabrics; a medicine-chest of potent, healing drugs and germicides; an arsenal of deadly explosives; a vial of delicious flavors and soothing narcotics; and a garden of exquisite perfumes—in a word, the most wonderful, variegated substance in the world.

Another remarkable example of the industrial utilization of waste, one, moreover, with which the general public is fairly familiar, is to be found in the meat-slaughtering centres of the country. The beef and pork that hang in every butcher shop represent not more than fifty-six to fifty-eight per cent. of the animal on the hoof. Time was when the remaining forty-four to forty-two per cent. was simply thrown away. Now it is safe to say that nothing escapes the boiling-kettle or the machine, and that a steer is utilized from the tip of his horn to the last hair of his tail. Indeed, a large percentage of the American packing industry's profit is made from the chemically and mechanically treated by-products of the abattoir.

## Slaughter House By-Products.

The hides, as might be expected, are sold to tanners. Albumin is extracted from the blood and passed along to the calico printer, the tanner and the sugar refiner. The bones are utilized for a score of purposes. Their residual fat and gelatin are respectively employed for soap-making and for the manufacture of various objects, such as medicine capsules. Feet are saved for their neat's-foot oil. The bones left after the oil is extracted are made into our toothbrush and knife handles, our chessmen and our combs. The horns, sawed off at the tip, are split and ironed

## Promoted to

BROTHER CHARLES PRINGLE  
TWO

Brother Pringle, a faithful Soldier of the Cross, passed away on Saturday, 12th. He was a sufferer and did not have the pleasure of being loved. The faithful Soldier of the Cross, blessing in his home, departed at the age of 60.

At the memorial service on Sunday night, by the strong and Lieutenant, the comrades and comrades of the life and the they had of one day, the Better Land.

Treasurer Charles Pringle, Brother Pringle had his heart to him, he sometimes said, he would get great things.

Two of Brother Pringle's songs were sung at the service. They were "The Jesus," and "My Home is in Heaven."—N. E. Armstrong, Chairman.

SISTER MRS. OGDEN JOHN, No. 1, N. E.

Death has taken from our faithful Soldier, in the person of George Ogdren.

Converted at the age of 18, he sought heaven, and at her post when he was All through life, he was the fact that Jesus was his Saviour and, when crossing River, she was able to well with my soul.

The writer, who was with her for a number of years, found her a good Christian and a good worker.

The funeral service was held by Captain Vignol, assisted by Snarks. The Captain, the life of our church, Mrs. Falle sang with him. The services were largely attended.

The memorial service was held by Adjutant Spinks, who gathered. Brother John, the Marney spoke of the No. 1, Male Quarters, named Home. "Alone" spoke with much feeling, came to Christ.

A husband and two children mourn their loss. He comfort them, and on that point we meet to part as usual. Falle.

SISTER JENNIE JAMISON, ATHENS, ONT.

We regret to learn of the death of Sister Jennie Jamison, of Athens, Ont., of 80 years of age. For some years she was a sufferer with cancer in all her sickness, she was a true warrior's spirit; her name was Christlike, and she came, she was ready to go. Heaven reward.

She was converted in a Riverdale, in 1866, and became a faithful member of the Memorial Headquarters, where she became an Officer, but her health was compromised in the battle's front. She was two years of age at the death.

SERGEANT WHITE, OF THE PRISON BRIGADE.

In the promotion to Sergeant, David White, of the Prison Brigade, one of the best of our soldiers.

Our Brother, who was England, suffering from a brain racked with pain, said, "God will be with me."

Adjutant Baid was a tutor to his bedside, and to him spoke of the ed while with the

The funeral was conducted by the wish of Mrs. Baid, the last tribute to a heaven a widow and comrades' last words were: "I am ready to meet me in heaven."

(Continued on page 11.)

# OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER

## BRITAIN.

ing midnight march through y was led by Mrs. Booth on Thursday night. This is the annual midnight raid of this an. Some scenes witnessed ured as follows:  
the Band passes on with its reminder of home and its of, of childhood and purity, the crowd swings into step march.  
s suddenly clutches the arm man-companion, and hides in the other's costly fur she gasps: 'Oh, my God! take me away; I can't see; ling me.'  
t take on like that, Fan, old lile replies, 'or you'll make ber.'  
y is another woman pat- face with a tiny handker- wing away her 'complex' the tears which had scored el through it.  
ad of the procession hurries a ult young woman, but a nge of tune she halts a mo- tion, then hastens her steps With a change to 'Abide With breaks into a run, and turns into a side street, shrieking ally. Later, however, we saw officer tenderly directing her t at the supper-table."

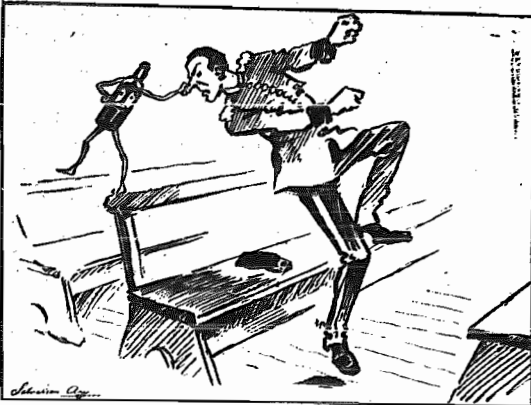
## IND.

General's campaign started Rotterdam. He says:  
Dutch have been described as ad calculating, but never out the world have I received thrillingly enthusiastic recep- at Rotterdam yesterday.  
e, thanksgiving, and confi- beamed from every counten- and were shouted by every  
results have been glorious."  
were glorious penitent-form istration-room scenes. Thirty- seekers came out, making ight for the day.

## AFRICA.

President Steyn recently gave a tial donation to The Army's in South Africa, and expressed tant Pearce his admiration of erations generally.  
during episode in connection some recent celebrations— by the way, commenced at 3 at The Army's Rhodesian Africa) Settlement, was the on march of welcome of sixty e, headed by Captain M'dimo rgeant Bob, to greet the visit- ers. Sergeant Bob, it may be d, is the "boy" who was with e Captain Case when he was in the Matabele rebellion of

hat a picturesque scene is pre- a little way from the Settle- Hall," writes Mrs. Staff-Captain ra. "Six large fires, with a er of pots and cans, are attend- a dozen earnest cooks. Mean- the natives have gathered in force, and singing and dancing ance. Lieutenant Thompson d guest, Treasurer Aylwin, of urry, arrive with a group of re boys, who with feathers in heads and armed with knob- give a display of their na- wardance, the ground fairly



## MASTERED BY A BOTTLE.

A young military man recently declared he would like to be saved, but could not keep away from the drink. Doesn't it seem ridiculous for a man to be led by the nose by a bottle?

shaking as they bring their feet down.

"It is time for the feast! Staff-Captain Ferreira is asked to have a few words and pray. Chief Gerandi speaks, and among other things says: "Next time the big Umfundisi comes from Cape Town there shall he a still greater feast." A number of strangers were present. There we were—English, Scotch, Dutch, Blantyre, Mashona, and Tanganyikan, unitedly rejoicing. "Under our colours all nations agree."

It is not difficult to account for The Army's growing influence in Africa.

## PANAMA.

During a month's tour in the Panama Division, Lieut.-Colonel Maidment visited all the Corps on the Isthmus, conducting Officers' Councils and public meetings. At Empire, the Colonel enrolled fourteen Soldiers. He also paid his first visit to Bocas-del-Toro, a little township between Colon and Costa Rica, where we opened fire about two years ago. There is already a fine body of Soldiers and recruits, mostly West Indians, who have settled on the Panama plantation.

At Port Limon and other places it was impossible to hold meetings because of heavy rains, which con-

tinued for a fortnight, causing immense floods and completely dislocating traffic.

## DENMARK.

Colonel Povlsen recently conducted a rousing campaign at Valby and twelve souls came to the mercy seat.

Encouraging news reaches us from many parts of the country. The Divisional Officer for North Jutland (Major Fieh) writes that recently many souls have been saved at Aarhus, Hjørring, Frederikshavn, Aalborg, and Thisted. At the last-named place, where there is only a small Corps, eight recruits have been enrolled since the New Year. The Major held Officers' Councils and public gatherings at Viborg and Norre-Sundby; the Halls were packed and three captures were made.

At a meeting in the Copenhagen Temple, conducted by Colonel Povlsen, there was a good congregation and eleven souls for Salvation.

The Brigadier has had crowded halls and some good captures during a twelve days' campaign in South Jutland and Fyn.

## AUSTRALIA.

During the visit of Sydney (Australia) Band to H.M.S. "Encounter," the chaplain, Mr. Dunkley, made a

farwell speech (the boat left shortly afterwards to act as escort to Lord Kitchener), in which he said he took that opportunity to express their feelings of gratitude for what The Army had been to them while in Sydney. Their presence and advice had acted as a check on their conduct, and helped the men often to leave undone follies and evils which would otherwise have been committed. On closing, he handed to Staff-Captain Burton a valuable illustrated Bible, "as a token of our united appreciation, and as a fitting article for future use in such a mission."

Then raising his voice, he added: "As a proof of what I have so poorly tried to express, I will now take the liberty of calling on the men to give three cheers for General Booth."

Referring to this interesting event, Branch Secretary Leaguer W. Kennard says: "The Bible was purchased by our shipmates without our knowledge, and, in fact, we were not even allowed to take part in the ceremony; we were the 'guests of the evening!' You should have heard the men cheer The General's name!"

It may be necessary to point out that during the time the "Encounter" has been at Sydney, the Band has frequently conducted services on board.

## UNITED STATES.

A splendid work is in progress at the Chicago Slum Settlement, under Captain Garvin and her several assistants. The only pity is that there are not a larger number of these "angels" (as they are so often dubbed), who are ready to "spend and be spent" for the salvation of these very needy classes of our community.

Colonel and Mrs. Dean have been welcomed to America. The Colonel will take over the position of Training Principal at the New York College.

The Eastern Scandinavian Congress was a very fine affair. The presence of Commissioner Mrs. Booth Hellberg, of course, added a wonderful amount of interest, while the Chief Secretary and other leading Army officials, including the newly-arrived Colonel Dean, also helped things along to the high point of enthusiastic success which was attained.

The Annual Southern Congress of the South Atlantic and Gulf Divisions was recently held at Atlanta. Over 50 officers were present. Their spirit was decidedly buoyant and very hopeful, which augurs well for the success of The Army in the South.

The visit of Commissioner Cadman to Boston was a mighty success. Great crowds thronged the People's Palace all day, many coming for miles to hear the grand old warrior. Fifty souls surrendered.

## A VISITOR AT UXBRIDGE.

Capt. Price visited Uxbridge on Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 19th and 20th. The Soldiers were glad to have the Captain with them, also Lieut. Marsland, who was formerly stationed with the Captain.

The meetings were profitable and interesting to all. The locals were re-commissioned.

The Soldiers have pledged themselves to do exploits for God during the revival crusade.



The Strathroy, Ont., Band.





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FOR FURTHER INFORMATION WRITE TO

**The Trade Secretary, 18 Albert St., Toronto.**

**MARCH  
14th**

# REVIVAL CRUSADE

**MARCH  
20th**

Conducted throughout Canada, Newfoundland and Bermuda.

## CANDIDATES' WEEK.

### PRAYER! FAITH! VICTORY!

### Salvation Songs

#### Holiness.

Tune.—My mind upon Thee, 254; Song Book, No. 413.

1 My mind upon Thee, Lord, is stayed,  
My all upon Thy altar laid.  
Oh, hear my prayer!  
And since, in singleness of aim,  
I claim the power to make me whole,  
I part with all, Thy power to gain.  
O, God, draw near.

#### Chorus

Saviour, dear Saviour, draw nearer,  
etc.

By every promise Thou hast made,  
And by the price Thy love hast paid  
For my release,  
I claim the power to make me whole,  
And keep through every hour my soul  
In perfect peace.

Tunes.—Take salvation, 170; Helms-  
ley, 167.

2 Full salvation! Full salvation!  
Lo! the fountain, opened wide;  
Streams through every land and  
nation  
From the Saviour's wounded side.  
Full salvation!  
Streams an endless crimson tide.

Oh the glorious revelation!  
See the cleansing current flow,  
Washing stains of condemnation  
Whiter than the driven snow.  
Full salvation!

Oh, the rapturous bliss to know

Love's resistless current sweeping  
All the regions deep within;  
Thought, and wish and senses keep-  
ing

Now and every instant clear!  
Full salvation!  
From the guilt and power of sin...

### War and Testimony.

Tune.—Shouts of God, 130, C and D; Song Book, No. 255.

3 I have found a great salvation,  
Glory to God!  
From my sins I've liberation,  
Glory to God!  
I was sunk in misery,  
Bound by Satan's cruel fetters,  
But the Saviour set me free—  
Glory to God!

Now my heart is full of singing,  
I am kept each day from sinning,  
Oh, this joy I can't express,  
For it never knows an ending:  
I've a life of happiness!

Sinner, you can have this blessing,  
Come to Christ, your sins confessing,  
Then your life will happy be  
And in Heaven you'll get a mansion,  
There to live eternally.

Tune.—To the Work! (Fighting On.)

4 To the war! to the war! loud and  
and long sounds the cry;  
To the war every soldier who  
fears not to die!

### THE REVIVAL CRUSADE.

## TORONTO CITY HAS A SIMULTANEOUS SOUL-SAVING CAMPAIGN.

Saturday, March 5th, to Friday, March 11th.

### DISPOSITION OF CAMPAIGN FORCES AS FOLLOWS:—

**THE TEMPLE --- COLONEL AND MRS. MAPP,**  
Assisted by Brigadier and Mrs. Morehen, Major and Mrs.  
Findlay, Captain and Mrs. Hanagan.

**YORKVILLE.—Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Gaskila,**  
Assisted by Staff-Captain and Mrs.  
Morris, Staff-Captain Stobbs, and  
Ensign Lighthourne.

**LISGAR ST.—Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Howell,**  
Assisted by Major and Mrs. Creighton  
Adjutant and Mrs. DeBow and  
Captain Pugmire.

**TECUMSETH STREET—BRIGADIER  
BOND,** assisted by Adjutant and  
Mrs. Sims, Ensign Malsey, and  
Captain Church.

**RHODES AVE.—BRIGADIER AND  
MRS. POTTER,** assisted by Major  
and Mrs. Attwell, Captain Carter,  
and Captain Clark.

**RIVERDALE.—MAJOR SIMCO,** assist-  
ed by Adjutant Young, Captain  
Myers, and Captain Dodd.

**EAST TORONTO.—MAJOR AND  
MRS. PHILLIPS,** assisted by  
Captain Watkinson.

**PARLIAMENT ST.—MAJOR CAMER-  
ON,** assisted by Captain Eastwell  
and Captain Lewis.

**LIPPINCOTT—Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Turner,**  
Assisted by Staff-Captain and Mrs.  
Fraser, Staff-Captain and Mrs.  
White, Adjutant Walter, and Cap-  
tain Martin.

**DOVERCOURT—Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Southall,**  
Assisted by Captain and Mrs. Mardall,  
Captain Palmer, and Captain  
Malone.

**CHESTER—BRIGADIER AND MRS.  
TAYLOR,** assisted by Adjutant  
and Mrs. Peacock, Lieut. Barker  
and Lieut. Wilson.

**WEST TORONTO.—BRIGADIER AND  
MRS. MORRIS,** assisted by En-  
sign Stitt, Captain Sparks, Cap-  
tain Kelly, and Captain Nock.

**EARLSCOURT.—BRIGADIER AND  
MRS. RAWLING,** assisted by  
Captain Pattenden, Captain Ray-  
mer, and Captain Best.

**WYCHWOOD.—MAJOR AND MRS.  
MILLER,** assisted by Major and  
Mrs. Turpin, Captain Murdoch,  
and Lieutenant Nancarrow.

The Women's Social Officers and Cadets Will Take Part in the Campaign.

### Pray, Fight, and Believe for Souls!

See the millions who're drifting to  
Hell's endless woe,  
Oh, who in the name of Jehovah will  
go?

#### Chorus

Fighting on.

To the war! to the war! who'll the  
war cry obey?  
'Tis the great God who calls you to  
fight while 'tis day;  
Though the battle be fierce, and  
though mighty the foe,  
The Salvation Army to victory must  
go.

### Salvation.

Tune.—We're travelling Home to  
Heaven above.

5 We're travelling home to Heaven  
above,  
Will you go?  
To sing the Saviour's dying love,  
Will you go?  
Millions have reached that blissful  
shore,

Their trials and their labours o'er  
And yet there's room for millions  
more.

Will you go?

The way to Heaven is straight and  
plain.

Will you go?

Repent, believe, be born again,  
Will you go?

The Saviour cries aloud to thee,  
"Take up thy cross and follow Me,  
And thou shalt My salvation see."

Will you go?

Oh, could I hear some sinner say  
I will go!

I'll start this moment, clear the way.  
Let me go!

My old companions, fare you well,  
I will not go with you to hell,  
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell,  
Let me go!

Tune.—Who'll be the next, 283; Song  
Book, No. 57.

6 Who'll be the next to follow  
Jesus?  
Who'll be the next His cross to  
bear?

Some one is ready to fol-  
low;  
Who'll be the next to fol-  
low?

#### Chorus

Who'll be the next to fol-  
low?

Who'll be the next to fol-  
low?  
Who'll be the next to fol-  
low?

Down at the Father's name  
Who'll be the next to fol-  
low?  
Who'll be the next to fol-  
low?

Who'll be the next to fol-  
low?  
Who'll be the next to fol-  
low?

Who'll be the next to fol-  
low?  
Who'll be the next to fol-  
low?

Sing Hallelujah! Praise be  
to God!

## REVIVAL CRUSADE APPOINTMENTS

### LIEUT.-COLONEL TUNNE

Temple—Sunday, March 10th

### BRIGADIER BOND

Winnipeg 1.—March 4th to 10th

### BRIGADIER TAYLOR

Tecumseth St.—Sunday, March 10th

### BRIGADIER RAWLING

Riverdale—Sunday, March 10th

### MAJOR PHILLIPS

Dovercourt—Sunday, March 10th

Wychwood—Sunday, March 10th

### MAJOR MILLAR

Yorkville—Sunday, March 10th

### LIEUT.-COLONEL GARD

Will conduct a Victory

Ceremony at

THE TEMPLE, Tuesday, March 11th

### THE TERRITORIAL STAFF

will visit

Oshawa, March 10 and 11

### BRIGADIER WILSON

will visit

\*LIPPINCOTT—Sun, March 10th

\*BOWMANVILLE—Tue, March 11th

\*EARLSCOURT—Thurs, March 12th

\*RHODES AVE.—Sun, March 10th

\*Mrs. Morehen will visit

### MAJOR SINCE

OWEN SOUND—March 10th to 11th

TEMPLE—April 2nd to 3rd

CHESTER—April 2nd to 3rd

EARLSCOURT—May 7th to 8th

WILL NEW SONGS AND

SOME IN THE PRAISE

in the British

who would be singing

and some of the